

THE LITERARY JOURNAL, AND WEEKLY REGISTER OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH KNOWLES AND CO. AT NUMBER NINE, MARKET-SQUARE; WHERE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE RECEIVED.

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1833.

NO. 18.

Miscellanies.

From Fraser's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE EARLY DAYS OF EDMUND KEAN.

[Since the decease of Mr Kean, the English periodicals have contained a variety of detached anecdotes of his dramatic career. From among them, we have selected the following account of his first attempts in the profession in which he afterwards became so highly distinguished.]

Edmund Kean was born in the year 1787, in the precinct of Orange Court, Leicester Square. His birth—or at least his parentage—is, even to this day, involved in some degree of mystery—to which, as there is something romantic involved in whatever is mysterious, he submitted with the best grace imaginable. It has been said—and was at one time the generally received opinion—that his father was Aaron Kean the brother of Moses Kean, the celebrated mimic, and his mother was the daughter of George Saville Carey, an actor, dramatist, lyrist and lecturer of considerable repute in his day. Kean, we believe, had little faith in this account of his progenitors. Certain it is, that so little attention was paid to Kean in his infancy, that he contracted a weakness, or deformity of the limbs, which was suffered to increase to such a degree, from his attempts to imitate his youthful companions in pantomimic tricks, that it was at last found necessary to use bracing-irons to restore them to any thing like their natural shape and proportions. Whatever degree of affinity there did actually exist between him and his reputed mother, her theatrical occupations rendered him a constant frequenter, not only of the theatre, but of the stage, where he may be said to have almost lived behind the scenes. When the opera of *Cymon* was produced by Michael Kelly, Kean was selected to represent the *Cupid*. The next mention we find made of his dramatic doing is still more memorable, as connected with, and productive of, the failure of an experiment made by John Philip Kemble to introduce urchin imps sporting round the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. Kean was one of the urchins selected for this service; and the attempt—preposterous as it was—might have been persisted in, had not Kean contrived to trip up the heels of some of his fellow-phantoms. Kemble, as may be imagined, was exceedingly annoyed, whilst Kean appeared his offended dignity by the readiness with which he begged the manager "to consider that he never appeared in tragedy before." It is, as we are well assured, a fact, that in the sixth year of his age, his recitation of the text scene, in *Richard III.* was marked by a judicious spirit, and a clear conception of every passage.

Among the qualifications which Kean possessed for that profession which fate as well as inclination seems to have laid out for his pursuit, he was endowed by nature with an exquisite taste for music, an excellent ear, a melodious voice in the lower tones, and a *falsetto* of uncommon sweetness. These qualities, while they recommended him to the favor and notice of musical men in the theatre, inclined him to their society wherever it was to be met with, or however enjoyed. Of those, to whom the waywardness of his fortune seems to have particularly attached him, there was one man of great, of surpassing genius, but whose inveterate habits of dissipation rendered those talents a curse to him. This was Denman. What Morland was amongst painters and Dermody amongst poets, that was Denman amongst musicians—admired for his genius, but despised for its abuse. One morning, as Kean was wandering through the suburbs, on the Surrey side of the water, in passing by one of those low public houses, the scene of Denman's repeated debaucheries, he observed his unfortunate instructor stretched at full length on a form in the front of the "tap room," where it seems he had lain the greater part of the preceding night in consequence of having been turned out of doors by "mine host," when in a state of riotous intoxication. As Kean approached him, he seemed just rousing himself from his stupor—while the mechanical movement of his fingers on the side of the form, as if sporting upon the keys of an instrument, indicated that he was engaged in some effort of musical composition. He was so. Having ascertained that Kean had a few pence in his pocket, he despatched him to purchase a sheet of paper; then borrowing from "Boniface" a pen, ink, and "ruler," he presently converted the "pure and unspotted page" into music paper, and committed to paper, the composition with which it was evident his mind had been occupied in a state of seeming insensibility.

Strange as it may seem, the drunkard, in rousing himself from the lethargy of the past night's debauch, had actually turned his thoughts, distracted as they were, to prayer: and 'twixt sleeping and waking, had chanted *The Lord's Prayer* until, as if inspired by the sublimity of the subject, he had

composed an accompaniment to the words of that divine supplication for grace and blessedness, which, though too little known, might well be classed with the most eloquent and affecting passages of sacred music. Denman requested Kean to take the composition to some music shop, and try what he could obtain for it. Kean, proud of his mission, made his way to Williams, in Paternoster Row, who purchased the copy and copy right for the sum of one guinea! As an equestrian, it is certain that Kean was distinguished by his boldness, even more than the grace of his "surprising acts of horsemanship!" And so reckless was he of danger—so confident of his own strength and ability, and so determinably eager to carry off the palm of superiority on every trial of skill; that on one occasion, whilst exhibiting some extraordinary exploit in the Circus at Bristol, he lost his equipoise, and falling on the sharp boards that formed "the Ring," fractured both legs. The consequences of the accident were, always after, discernible.

The pretty town of Croydon was the head quarters of the "Commonwealth," the members of which found themselves, in the middle of Passion Week, penniless, provisionless and pitiless. Kean and the chum, or in his own phrase, "the pal," who clubbed his mite with him, were now in absolute destitution. Money they had none—credit they had none; and, as a melancholy consequence, food they had none. For two days they had not tasted food: their drink was water from the running stream. A third day dawned upon them in their misery. Their hunger became almost insupportable. At length, as a *demer resort*, Kean resolved to sally forth, and try whether food could not be had for "love," since for "money," it was clear they could not have it. At some distance from their lodging, there was a butcher's shop, in which the blooming daughter of the butcher sometimes officiated. Kean, whose heart was always susceptible of the tender passion, had oftentimes admired the buxom girl, and, as that elderly gentleman, George Coleman, the *Younger*, says somewhere, had "cast his sheep's eyes at her;" and, it may be, had even gone so far as to "whisper soft nothings in her credulous ear." Thitherward he now bent his steps. He reached the shop; he beheld his charmer sentimentally leaning her cheek upon her red right hand, whilst her elbow rested upon a hump of beef! The moment, the maiden, and the mood, seemed alike auspicious to his suit; but just as he approached, the butcher, who had once or twice before had his paternal solicitude and suspicions excited by the too marked attention which Kean seemed to pay to his fair daughter, stalked to the door, looking as black as thunder. Kean affected to whistle, and passed the shop, apparently regardless of the beef, the butcher, or his daughter. The father went his way, and Kean, in due time, returned to the charge. In five words, he told his tale, asked for provender and credit, and obtained both. A pound of prime steak was cut from the very rump of beef, on which her arm had rested. But how to get them conveyed home? There was no messenger to send, and if there had been, the circumstances of the bargain and the credit must thus be exposed to the unfeeling and incredulous butcher, whose faith in such customers was not "even as a grain of mustard seed." Love and hunger are never at a loss for expedients. The fair one, fastened the beef-steaks on a skewer, and our hero, thrusting them under his coat, returned homewardly, plodding slowly along, as if in deep meditation, with his hands behind his back, but with an unconscious air of triumph, which the success of his enterprise might well inspire. He reached the door, rapped, and his foot was on the threshold—but at the very instant when he thought his prize secure, the butcher's favorite bull dog, that had slunk unseen and unheeded behind him, step by step, snatched beefsteaks, skewer and all from his grasp, and ran off as fast as legs could carry such a mute. Pursuit could only end in exposure; and Kean was about to resign himself to all the horrors of hunger, thus aggravated by disappointment, when the means of relief, as welcome as they were unexpected, presented themselves in the arrival of a parcel from his aunt.

His "study," as it was technically termed by actors, was always slow—a fact which would in itself had been a barrier to any other man; but with him it only served to develop all the hidden beauties of the character, from the process by which alone he could succeed in engraving the language of the poet upon his own mind. Kean passed over to Belfast, where Mr Atkins then wielded the theatrical truncheon; and there, soon after his arrival, he was called upon, with the brief notice of two days, to study *Osmin*, in *The Mourning Bride*—the tragedy in which Mrs Siddons proposed commencing an engagement for three nights. In vain did he confess his utter inability to render himself master of the words, much less to enter into any delineation whatever of the character; in vain, did he remonstrate

against the cruelty to him, and the injustice of such an actress, of thus forcing upon him a task to which, at such a notice, he was utterly incompetent. Kean had engaged to play the first tragedy business; and play it he must. The bewildered actor had previously engaged to dine on the Sunday with a young friend of his, who was then on board a sloop of war, lying in Carrickfergus Bay, and thither he proceeded late on Friday night, determined to remain on board till the dreaded hour. On Monday afternoon, he returned to Belfast, nearly perfect, as he hoped; in the words at least; but the moment he beheld the Queen of Tragedy—the moment the plaudits of the audience broke upon his ear as they hailed the *entree* of the matchless Siddons; the moment he stood upon the stage, he felt as if all his powers were paralyzed; his memory forsook him; and having delivered the two first lines allotted to him to speak, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth—he was bewildered—his brain a chaos—and he spoke an infinite deal of nothing; but not one word of what the author had set down for him. At length, to appease the rising indignation of the house, he came forward, explained all the circumstances, and removed the blame from his own shoulders to those of manager Atkins. "Venice Preserved," was the next play in which Mrs Siddons was to appear, and prior to rehearsal on the following morning, she inquired, who was to represent Jaffier?—Atkins informed her that Mr Kean was the Jaffier. "What! Mr Atkins," replied she, "surely not that horrid little man who destroyed the tragedy last night?" Mr Atkins then explained, and took the failure of that attempt entirely upon himself; but he assured her that Kean was not only perfect in Jaffier, but would, he was convinced, play that part extremely well—and so it proved; for at the fall of the curtain she complimented the young actor on the talent and feeling he displayed, and even gratified the manager by predicting the future success of "the horrid little man."

Soon afterwards an incident occurred, which, as refuting one of the errors of hypercriticism; and evincing the actor's close observance of nature in every scene where the human frame is agitated by conflicting passions, is worthy of notice. Kean, one day, accompanied a brother actor named Giles, on a fishing excursion in the immediate neighborhood of Stroud, some dozen miles from Cheltenham. They had, it seems, unintentionally trespassed on the grounds of a farmer, who was of a churlish, quarrelsome disposition; and happening to encounter them as they crossed a ditch, he began to abuse them in the coarsest terms. Giles in the hope of moderating his warmth of temper, apologized to him, assured him they were quite unconscious of having done wrong; and added, that as they were strangers in the neighborhood, being members of the company of players, he trusted they might be excused. On hearing that they were "player folk," the insolence of the farmer became unbounded, he even threatened to have "the vagabonds put in the stocks." Giles, though one of the best tempered fellows in the world, unable any longer to endure such unprovoked and scurrilous abuse, struck the farmer, and instantly stripping off his coat and waistcoat, charged Kean not to interfere, as the quarrel was entirely his, and he was the more equal match for the ruffian, and, moreover, the person directly abused. Kean was thus compelled, though sorely against his inclination, to remain a passive spectator of the fight, which the muscular prowess of the farmer soon decided by beating Giles to a stand-still. But though physically overpowered, his spirit was unsubdued; and in the paroxysm of defeated wrath, which convulsed his whole frame, and seemed all but suffocating him, he dragged open his shirt collar, and tore it almost to ribbands. This incident was not lost upon Kean, who was at that time studying Sir Giles Overreach; and in the terrific struggle of the last scene, when all his energies are paralyzed by passion, he profited by the observance of nature in a similar trial, by adopting the phrensed action of Giles, the most appalling *coup de theatre*, that the modern stage has witnessed.

We shall notice an incident, which still further illustrates Kean's observance of nature in every situation. He was engaged, one day, in giving instructions in fencing, to a young officer stationed in that town, when the handle of the foil that the latter used becoming loose, he snatched up a small sword that lay on the table, and continued to practise, till by some accident or other, he hit Kean on the breast with such force as to inflict an alarming wound; the blood gushed forth, and Kean fell insensible on his back, as if he had been mortally hurt. Thus practically convinced of the effect of a stab in that part of the frame, he was thereby taught the natural position in which Othello should fall, and which, although as in the instance of Sir Giles, it at first, seemed ungraceful to the fastidious, he ever afterwards adopted.

From the Appendix to "Dick's Improvement of Society."

APPARITIONS.

The celebrated historian, De Thou, had a very singular adventure at Saumur, in the year 1598, which shows the happy effects of a calm inquiry into the cause of any alarming or extraordinary appearance. One night, having retired to rest, very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep, he felt a very extraordinary weight upon his feet, which, having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awakened him. At first, he imagined that it had been only a dream; but hearing soon after, some noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw, by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure walking up and down, and at the same time, observed upon a chair some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure, then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask it what it was. "I am," said the figure, the "Queen of Heaven." Had such a figure appeared to any credulous, ignorant man, he would doubtless have trembled with fear, and frightened the whole neighborhood with a marvellous description of it. But De Thou, had too much understanding, to be so imposed upon. On hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was some mad woman; got up, called his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; after which he returned to bed and fell asleep. Next morning, he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers, and entered his apartment.—The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related his adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shown so much courage. The king likewise, who was informed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgment.

The following relation contains a description of an apparition of a different kind, no less appalling. Mr Schmidt, mathematical teacher at the school of Pforte, near Naumburg, which had formerly been a cloister, once happened to awake suddenly at the morning began to dawn. On opening his eyes, he beheld with astonishment, a monk standing at the foot of his bed. Looking at him steadfastly, he appeared to be well fed; and his head, far from small, was sunk a little between a pair of very broad shoulders. The chamber was sufficiently secured; Mr Schmidt alone slept in it; and he was very certain that no one would attempt to put a trick upon him in jest. He knew also that no part of his clothes or any thing else was hanging at his bed's foot. The figure exactly resembled that of a monk, clothed in a white surplice, the falling folds of which were very clearly to be distinguished. Had he been an ignorant person, he would probably have covered himself up with the bed clothes, and firmly maintained that the ghost of a monk had appeared to him. As the school had formerly been a cloister, many monks had been buried both in the church and church-yard, and it was currently reported among the vulgar, that the place was haunted. Mr Schmidt, however, was neither ignorant nor timid, and he immediately conjectured that his eyes were deceived, though he could not imagine in what manner.—He raised himself up a little in his bed, but the apparition did not move; he only saw somewhat more of it, and the folds of the surplice were still more conspicuous. After a little while, he moved towards the right, yet the apparition remained, and he seemed to have in part a side view of it; but as soon as he had moved his head so far as to have a slight glimpse of the bed's foot, the apparition retreated backwards, though still with its face to the bed.—Following the apparition quickly with his eyes, it retreated with speed, swelled as it retreated to a gigantic form, a rustling noise was heard, and—at once, the apparition was changed into the gothic window with white curtains which was opposite the bed's foot, and about six or seven feet distant from it.—Several times after this, Mr Schmidt endeavored, when he awoke, to see the same appearance, but to no purpose, the window always looking like a window only. Some weeks after, however, on awaking, as the day began to dawn, he again perceived the monk's apparition at the bed's foot. Being now aware what occasioned it, he examined it narrowly. The great arch of the window formed the monk's shoulders, a smaller arch in the centre, his head, and the curtains, the surplice. The folds of these appeared much stronger than they did at the same distance by daylight. Thus the figure of the monk appeared plainer, nearer, and smaller than the window would have done. This apparition, therefore, like hundreds of others, was merely an optical deception.

From Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.

SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

The Brocken is the name of the loftiest of the Hartz Mountains, a picturesque range which lies in the kingdom of Hanover. It is elevated three thousand three hundred feet above the sea, and commands the view of a plain seventy leagues in extent, occupying nearly the two hundredth part of the whole of Europe, and animated with a population of about five millions of inhabitants. From the earliest periods of authentic history, the Brocken has been the seat of the marvellous. On its summits, are still seen huge blocks of granite, called the Socker's Chair and the Altar. A spring of pure water, is known by the name of the Magic Fountain,

and the apemone of the Brocken is distinguished by the title of the Socker's Flower. These names are supposed to have originated in the rites of the great idol Cortho, whom the Saxons worshipped in secret on the summit of the Brocken, when Christianity was extending her benignant sway over the subjacent plains.

As the locality of these idolatrous rites, the Brocken must have been much frequented, and we can scarcely doubt that the spectre which now so often haunts it at sunrise, must have been observed from the earliest times; but it is nowhere mentioned that this phenomenon was in any way associated with the objects of their idolatrous worship. One of the best accounts of the Spectre of the Brocken, is that which is given by M. Haue, who saw it on the 23d of May, 1797. After having been on one summit of the mountain, no less than thirty times, he had at last the good fortune of witnessing the object of his curiosity. The sun rose about four o'clock in the morning, through a serene atmosphere.—In the south-west, towards Achtermannshohe, a brisk west wind carried before it the transparent vapors, which had not yet been condensed into thick, heavy clouds. About a quarter past four, he went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would afford him a free prospect towards the southwest, when he observed, at a very great distance, towards Achtermannshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. His hat having been almost carried away by a violent gust of wind, he suddenly raised his hand to his forehead to protect his hat, and the colossal figure did the same. He immediately made another movement by bending his body—an action, which was repeated by the spectral figure.—M. Haue was desirous of making further experiments, but the figure disappeared. He remained, however, in the same position, expecting its return; and in a few minutes, it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshohe, when it mimicked his gestures as before. He then called the landlord of the inn, and having both taken the same position which he had before, they looked towards the Achtermannshohe, but saw nothing. In a very short space of time, however, two colossal figures were formed over the above eminence; and after bending their bodies and imitating the gestures of the two spectators, they disappeared. Retaining their position, and keeping their eyes still fixed upon the same spot, the two gigantic spectres again stood before them and were joined by a third. Every movement that they made was imitated by the three figures, but the effect varied in its intensity, being sometimes weak and faint, and at other times strong and well defined.

In the year 1798, M. Jordan saw the same phenomenon at sunrise, and under similar circumstances, but with less distinctness, and without any duplication of the figures.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Let your first care be to give your little girls a good physical education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercise in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours a day, over their books, their work, their maps, and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well ordered studies, will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions, than those commonly are who have been most elaborately finished, in the modern acceptance of the term. The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanor springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitation, whilst their rules forbid it to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold of their affections. Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation, to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves. In the education of young women, we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step, which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles, in order to insure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight: let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley; let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain, or the boisterous wind; and, above all, let them take no medicine, except when the doctors order it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.

FLIRTATION.—I dislike the man who deliberately trifles with the affections of women. I would rather shake hands with a highwayman, than with a gentleman who has sacrificed to his own vanity, the life-long happiness of an inexperienced girl. I fear this sort of conduct has never been sufficiently reprobated, and females too often betray the rights of their sex, by accepting with pride, the homage of a man who has become notorious for the conquest and destruction of their sisters, as if his mercy and love could be depended upon, who had once been cruel to an affectionate woman! The world laughs, and stores of living proverbs and stupid jests on the briefness of woman's love are administered; but you will find, if your heart be not hardened by selfishness, that this will be in vain. Perhaps you had no intention of being serious, you only flirted, tried to be agreeable, and to please for the moment; you had no conception that your behavior could be misconstrued, but what, if while you were meaning nothing, your trifling created anguish, your sport became death to the object of it?—When, by exclusive attentions you have excited a regard, by the development of talent, or by the display and devotion of personal graces, you have fascinated the mind and the heart, when, by the melting and the sinking eye, the faltering voice, the fervid tone, the retained hand, you have awakened the passion you cannot lay—when you have done this in the cold blood of vanity, and it suits your convenience, or sated coxcombry, to finish the scene by an altered mein, a distant courtesy, or an expression of surprise at the unexpected efforts of your civility, will you be able to quiet your conscience with a jest? Will you sleep on an adage of fools, or a lie of your own? What, if the poor being, whose hope you have changed into despair, whose garden you have blasted with mildew and dust, whose heaven you have darkened forever, shall suffer in silence, striving to bear her sorrow, praying for cheerfulness, pardoning without forgetting you, till the worm has eaten through the life, and the body is emaciated which you have led to the dance, the voice is broken on which you have hung, the face wan which you have flattered, and the eyes frightfully bright with a funeral lustre, which used to laugh radiantly, and hope, and love when they gazed upon you? What, if a prouder temper, a more ardent imagination, and a stronger constitution, should lead to spite, and impatience, and recklessness of good and ill, if a hasty and loveless marriage should be the rack of her soul, or the provocation of her sin! Is there mandragora which could drug you to sleep while this was on your memory, or does there really live a man who could triumph in such bitter woe? But

"Varium et mutabile semper Fœmina."

O believe it not! For the sake of our household gods, call it and cause it to be a lie! Be ye sure that coquettes are the refuse of their sex, and were only ordained to correspond with the coxcombs of ours.

During the troubles in the reign of Charles the First, a country girl came to London, in search of a place as a servant maid; but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew house, and was one of those called "tub-women." The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time, married her; but he died while yet she was a very young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune.—The business of brewing was dropped; and Mr Hyde was recommended to the young woman, as a skilful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her—of this marriage, there was no other issue than one daughter; who was afterwards the wife of James the Second, and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

Horace Walpole tells an anecdote of an Irish priest, who said he had studied Medicine for two years, and after that, he studied Learning for two years more.

Editor's Correspondence.

Translated from the Original French of *De Balzac*, for the Literary Journal.

LA VEILLEE.

OR, THE EVENING MEETING IN THE COUNTRY.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON, NARRATED IN A BARN, BY AN OLD SOLDIER OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

[A few explanatory remarks may perhaps be necessary, in order that the reader may fully enter into the spirit of the following scene.

The term "*La Veillee*," which literally signifies *The Nightly Rendezvous*, is more particularly used, to denote those evening meetings, either accidental or premeditated, for labor or conversation, so common among the French villagers and peasantry, after the more arduous business of the day: a custom, which in fact, forms one of the most striking and characteristic traits in their domestic habits.

These meeting are not confined to any particular season of the year, although they are most frequent, and afford the

greatest attractions, during the delightful evening of summer. They are often prolonged until late in the night; when after the labor which has called the villagers together, has been finished, they frequently amuse themselves, for hours, in dancing, or in the relation of local histories and personal adventures.

In the present instance, the party are supposed to be assembled in a barn. Among the number, *Goguelat*, the principal speaker, is an old *fantasin*, (foot soldier) of Napoleon's Imperial Guard: *Gondrin*, a deaf spectator, is one of the *pontoniers*, who on the retreat from Moscow, entered the Beresina, to drive down the piles, for the support of the temporary bridges for the passage of the army: *Genestas*, is a veteran officer of cavalry, who has been secretly introduced into the barn by *Benassis*, the village physician. The two latter have concealed themselves in the hay, in order to listen unobserved to the tales of the old soldiers. The *Veillée* has begun: and one of the company has just concluded the popular story of the "Courageous Female Hunchback."]

"I do not like such histories," said La Fosseuse; "they raise too much fear. I prefer the adventures of Napoleon."

"That is true," said the park-keeper. "Come, Monsieur Goguelat, give us the Emperor!"

"Oh, no: the evening is too far gone," replied the old guardsman: "I do not like to shorten the victories."

"No matter—let us have it. We have seen them all; you have told them so often—but it is always pleasant to hear them again."

"Yes—yes—tell us the Emperor," exclaimed several voices at the same time.

"You will have it then?" said Goguelat—"well; you will find, however, that it is all nothing, when told as quick as a charge of horse. I had rather give you one whole battle.—You shall have *Champ Aubert*, where there were no more cartridges, and where they teased each other so hard with the bayonet."

"No—no—the Emperor—the Emperor!"

The old *fantasin* rose from his seat upon the hay; and after having looked around the assembly with that peculiar air, which speaks of so much quiet endurance; that expression, so peculiar to the worn veteran, which reveals the traces of so many scenes of trial and privation; he mechanically buttoned his vest closer in the neck, as if preparing to shoulder the knapsack, which formerly contained his clothes, his shoes, all his fortune. Then, firmly planting his left foot, he advanced the right, and beckoned for attention. Smoothing the grey hair across his forehead, in order to leave his brow uncovered, he elevated his head, as if to attain to the height of the man whom he was about to describe.

"My friends; you will understand that Napoleon was born in Corsica, which is a French island, but it is warmed by the sun of Italy. Every thing there boils like a furnace. They kill each other there, from father to son, on purpose—it is an idea that they have. Well now, to begin the introduction to the thing, his mother, who was the most beautiful woman in the world, and a very cunning one, determined to consecrate him to the Church, in order that he might escape every danger in his boyhood, and life; because she dreamed that the whole world was on fire, on the day when he was born. That was a prophecy! Therefore, she desired the Lord to protect him, on condition that Napoleon, when he grew older, should again establish his holy religion: which was agreed upon, and it has been done.

Now, listen—all of you—attentively—and see if this which I am going to tell you, is a natural thing.

It is sure and certain, that no man who had not succeeded in making such an agreement, could be able to go through the lines, the balls, the showers of grape shot, which swept us all away like flies; while every one of them had respect for his head. I have myself seen proof enough of that.—Why, at Eylau—I can see him now—he rides up a little hill—takes his spy-glass—looks over the battle—says, "that goes well." One of our intriguers, with a long plume, who tormented him continually, and followed him every where, even when he was eating, as we were told, wanted to do the same thing: and as soon as Napoleon came down, took his place—wheugh—gone—no more plume!—You will under-

stand, that Napoleon had agreed to use his secret only for himself—that is the reason why all who were with him, even his most particular friends, fell like ripe nuts: men whom he had selected for his own use, strong as bars of steel—Duroc—Bessieres—Lannes—all of them.

But after all, the great proof that he was sent here by Heaven to be the father of the soldiers, is, that he was never known to be a lieutenant or a captain! A chief all at once! He did not appear to be more than twenty-three,—and there he was, an old General! After the siege of Toulon, where he began by shewing all the others, that they knew nothing about the use of cannon, he came among us, pale and thin, the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. There we were, without bread, ammunition, shoes, clothes; a poor, starving army, naked as a worm.

"My friends," said he: "here we are all together: now remember, that in a fortnight, we shall be conquerors, all dressed in new clothes:—you will have new coats, good garters, and famous shoes; but, my children, we must march: we must go to Milan, and get them—there are plenty of them there."

Well, we did march. The French soldier was then down—flat as a bug—but he brushed up. We were thirty thousand bare feet against eighty thousand German hocks—beautiful men; well provided. Napoleon, who, you remember, was then nothing but *Bonaparte*, blew something into us, I do not know what: we walked all night—we walked all day: we thumped them at Montenotte—we banged them at Rivoli—Lodi—Arcola—Millesimo—we did not let go our hold upon them. The soldier took a great fancy to being a conqueror. Napoleon envelopes all those German generals; who do not know where to go in order to be comfortable. He tosses them in every direction; sometimes whiffing them out of ten thousand men by a single manœuvre, or surrounding the whole of them with fifteen hundred Frenchmen, whom he multiplies after his own fashion:—he takes their cannon, provisions, money, ammunition—every thing which they have, worth taking—he throws them into the water—beats them upon the mountains—bites them in the air—and devours them upon the earth—every where. Then all the army had new feathers: because, you will understand, the Emperor, who was also a very wise man, gained the affections of all the people, whom he told that he had come to deliver them. Then they all lodged us, cherished us, provided for us, and so did the women, who were very judicious women. Well then, in *ventose* '97, which used to be then just what the month of March is now, we were in one corner of the country of the marmots; but when the campaign was over, there we were, masters of Italy, as Napoleon had foretold it! And, in the next month of March, in one year, and two campaigns, he brought us in sight of Vienna—every thing had been brushed clean—the rest all went down upon their knees and begged pardon; and peace was gained. Could one who was no more than a common man have done that? No!—God helped him—that is certain.

He subdivided himself like the five loaves of the Testament—commanded a battle during the day, and prepared for another during the night—the sentinels saw him continually going and coming—he did not sleep—he did not eat. The soldiers wondered, and acknowledged the prodigy, and adopted him as their father—and, forward!—The others, in Paris, seeing all this, said to themselves, 'Behold, here is a pilgrim who appears to receive his directions from above:—he has power to lay his hand upon France. We must let him loose upon Asia or America; and perhaps he will be satisfied with that.' It was so written for him; and he was ordered to be placed as a sentinel in Egypt. Well, he gathered together all those whom he had possessed with his spirit, and said to them:

"My friends; they have given us Egypt to eat for a quarter of an hour: but we will swallow it in two motions and two mouthfuls, as we did Italy. The private soldiers will all be princes, with land of their own—Forward!"

"Forward—my friends!" said the sergeants: and away we went to Toulon, on the road to Egypt. The English then had all their fleets at sea; but when we embarked, Napoleon said, 'They will not see us; for it is proper for me to tell you, that your General has the property of a star in heaven, which will guide and protect us.' That which he said, was

done. Passing over the sea, he took Malta, like an orange, to quench his thirst for victory—for he was a man who could not go any where, without doing something. We are in Egypt. Well: then comes another order. The Egyptians, you will understand, are men, who, ever since the world has been a world, have always had giants for kings, and armies as numerous as ants; because it is a country of *geniuses* and crocodiles, where they build great pyramids as big as our mountains; and have a whim of placing their kings underneath them, to preserve them fresh—a kind of idea to which they all take a great fancy. Well, then; when we had landed, the *Little Corporal* said to us:

"My friends; in this country which you are now about to conquer, there is a great heap of gods; all of which you must respect: because the French must be the friends of every body; and must beat people without making them angry. Therefore, you all must remember, to not touch any thing at first, because we shall have every thing together afterwards—March!"

That was all very well: but the people there, to whom Napoleon had been foretold under the name of *Keber-Bonaparte*, a word which in their patois, means 'the Fire Sultan,' feared him as they would a demon. Then, the Grand Turk, Asia and Africa took to their sorcery, and sent a demon called the Mody, who, it was said, was brought from heaven on a white horse, that like his master could not be singed by a bullet: and that they both lived sometimes upon the air. There are persons who saw them; but I have no reason to assure you of it myself. It was the powers of Arabia and of the Mamelukes who wished to make their soldiers believe that the Mody could save them from dying in battle, and that he was an angel sent from heaven to fight Bonaparte, and take from him the seal of Solomon, one of their very particular talismans, which they pretended our General had stolen. You will understand, that in the mean time, we obliged them to make wry faces.

Now will you tell me how they knew all this concerning Napoleon?—was that natural? In their own minds, they admitted it to be certain, that he had power over the *geniuses*, and that he transported himself from one place to another, with a glance, like a bird: for the fact is that he was every where: in short, that he had come, to carry away their queen, who was as beautiful as daylight; for whom he had offered all his treasures and diamonds as big as pigeons' eggs: a bargain which the Mameluke to whom she belonged, although he had a great many others, would not listen to.—Under these circumstances, you will understand, the matter could not be brought to a conclusion without many battles: and these were not wanting by any means; for there were blows enough for every body. Then, we formed our lines at Alexandria—at Gizeh—and beside the Pyramids. We were obliged to march in the sun, over the sand, where those who were dim-sighted saw water which they could not drink—and shadows which only made them sweat. But, we devoured the Mamelukes, as usual. Every thing yields at the voice of Napoleon: who takes Upper and Lower Egypt, Arabia, and at last, even the capitals of old kingdoms which were all gone: and where there were old statues by thousands; the five hundred devils of nature! and one other very particular thing, a most infinite quantity of lizards. While he was busy with these matters in the interior, the English burned his fleet at Aboukir, for they did not know what kind of contrivance to invent to vex and thwart us. But Napoleon, who had in his favor the opinion of the East and the West—whom the Pope called his 'son'; and the Cousin of Mahomet, his 'dear father'; was desirous to revenge himself against England, by taking away her Indies, to replace the loss of his fleet. He was therefore about to lead us to Asia, through the Red Sea, to a country where the soldiers were to be paid with nothing but gold and diamonds; with palaces for stopping places; when the Mody makes a bargain with the plague, and sends it among us, to disturb our victories.—Halt!—The dying soldiers could not take St. Jean d'Acre, which they had entered three times with fury: for the plague was the strongest. There was no need of saying, 'my beautiful friend; for every one was sick: Napoleon alone was as fresh as a rose: the whole army saw it! another proof that nothing natural was in him.

The Mamelukes saw that we were all in the sick-wagons; and came to interrupt the way: but that trick would not answer with Napoleon. He said to some of those whom he had possessed; some, whose skins were harder than the others: 'Go, and sweep out that road.' Then Junot, who was one of the best swordsmen, and his true friend, took only a thousand men; and soon disbanded the army of a Pasha which had had the pretension to range itself across the path. Then we returned to our head quarters at Cairo. Now, for another history.—Napoleon being absent, France had allowed herself to be eaten by the people of Paris, who kept the soldiers' pay, their linen, their coats, their provisions—let them starve—and wished to dictate laws to the Universe, themselves, without taking any trouble about us. They were fools, who amused themselves with talking, instead of setting their hands to the work. And then our armies were beaten: the frontiers of France entered upon—the man was not there. You will understand that I say *the man*, because several people have called him so, but it was all foolishness—for he had a star, with every thing which belonged to it—it was we who were the *men*. Well; he heard what they had been doing in France after the great battle of Aboukir, while he without losing more than three hundred men, and with only a single division, had conquered the grand army of the Turks, twenty thousand strong: of which he had thrown more than half into the sea. That was his last thunder in Egypt. He said to himself, when he saw that every thing was lost *yonder*, 'I am to be the Saviour of France—I know it—I must go there.' But you will understand that the army did not know his departure, or they would have kept him by force, to make him the Emperor of the East. We were all sorrowful when we found he was gone; for he was our pride. He left the command to Kleber, a great fellow, who soon came off guard, being murdered by an Egyptian, whom they afterwards killed by empaling him; that being the method of guillotining people in those countries; but one which causes so much suffering, that a soldier pitying the criminal, who was crying out in his thirst, gave him his gourd; and as soon as he had drank some water, he turned up his eye with the greatest satisfaction. But we will not amuse ourselves with this trifle. Napoleon puts his foot upon a nut-shell, a little vessel full of nothing, which they call *Fortune*; and in a flash, directly under the beards of the English, who were blockading him with line-of-battle ships, frigates, and every thing which could carry sails, he lands in France; for he always had the gift of crossing the seas with a stride. Was that *natural*?

'Bah! when you say he is at Frejus, you might just as well say, he had his foot in Paris. There, every one adores him. He calls the government together.

'What have you done to my children, the soldiers?' says he to the lawyers: 'you are a parcel of rogues, who cheat the whole world, and feather your nests with France. That is not right. I speak for those who are dissatisfied with it.'

Then they desired to talk with, and kill him. But in a moment, he puts them into their talking-barracks—makes them jump through the window—enrols them in his suite, where they all become as dumb as fish, and as supple as tobacco-pouches.

He was then promoted to be Consul. It was not for him to distrust the Supreme Being, who had fulfilled the promises to him. He surrenders back the churches—he restores the religion—the bells ring for the Lord and for him; and every body is satisfied:—first, the priests, whom he prevents from being tormented; second, the citizens, who carry on all their trade, without fearing the *rapinamus* of the law; third, the noblemen, whom he prohibits to be put to death; a custom which had very unjustly been adopted there.

Then, there are enemies to be swept away: and he does not go to sleep upon the job: for his eye, you will understand, could take in the whole world like the head of a single man. Then he makes his appearance in Italy, as quick as if he had only put his head through a window: his look was enough! The Austrians are swallowed at Marengo, like gudgeons by a whale! Haugh!—there the French Victory sung her gamut high and loud enough to be heard by all the world; and it was sufficient.—'We'll play no more,' said the Germans.—'Enough of that,' said the others. Total: Europe shows cowardice: England yields.—

General peace, where the kings and all the people pretend to embrace each other. There, the Emperor invented the *Legion of Honor*: a very beautiful thing certainly. 'In France,' said he, at Boulogne, before the whole army; 'every one is brave: therefore the *civil*, who will do excellent things in the country, will be the sister of the *military*; and the soldier will be her brother; and they will be united under the flag of honor.'

We who were left away yonder—we return from Egypt.—All was changed. He had left us, a General: in the least time, we found him an Emperor. Indeed, France had given herself to him; like a beautiful and sensible girl, to her best friend. And when that was done, in the general satisfaction, there was a holy ceremony, the like of which we never seen under the great shell of the heavens. The Pope and the Cardinals in their gold and red dresses, crossed the Alps on purpose to consecrate him before the army and the people, who all clapped their hands. Well, now there is one thing, which I should be very unjust, if I did not tell.—In Egypt, in the desert near Syria, the *red man* appeared to him, on the mountain of Moses, and said to him, 'That goes well!' Afterwards, at Marengo, on the evening after the victory, the *red man*, for the second time, rose up on his feet, and said to him, 'Thou wilt see the world at thy knees—thou wilt be Emperor of the French—King of Italy—Master of Holland—Sovereign of Spain, of Portugal, of the Illyrian Provinces—Protector of Germany—Saviour of Poland—First Eagle of the Legion of Honor—and every thing.' That *red man*, you will understand, was his *Destiny*—his own private idea—a kind of messenger, whom he employed, as some people say, to communicate with his star. I, myself, have never believed that: but the *red man* is a true fact: for Napoleon has frequently spoken of him; and said, he used to come in moments of difficulty: and that he remained in the palace of the Tuileries, in the timber-work of the roof. Accordingly, on the day of the coronation, Napoleon saw him in the evening, for the third time; and they agreed on a great many things, together.

Afterwards, the Emperor goes to Milan, to be crowned King of Italy. Then indeed begins the triumph of the soldier! Every one who could read, was made an officer; then—the pensions—the gifts of dukedoms, which came like rain—treasures for the staff, which cost France nothing—the Legion of Honor provided incomes for the private soldiers, from which I still receive my pension. In short, what armies were maintained, such as had never before been seen. But the Emperor, who knew he was to be the Emperor of the whole world, thinks also of the citizens; and builds according to their fancies, fairy monuments, where there was nothing more than there is upon my hand. We will suppose now, that you should return from Spain, and go to Berlin: well, you would find triumphal arches with private soldiers placed upon them in fine sculpture; as beautiful as the Generals.—Napoleon, in two or three years, without taxing you, fills his cellars with gold; makes bridges, palaces, roads, learned men, fetes, laws, ships, seaports:—and expends millions of thousands of thousands—so much, and so much more, that I was told, he might have paved all France with five franc pieces, if he had taken a fancy to the thing. Well; when he finds himself comfortably upon his throne, and so much master of every thing; that Europe wanted his permission to do something or another; as he had four brothers and three sisters, he said to us, as if in conversation, in his order of the day:

'My children; is it right that the relations of your Emperor should beg? No! I wish them to be blazing as I am.—Therefore, it is absolutely necessary to conquer a kingdom for each one of them: in order that the French may be masters of every thing—that the soldiers of the Guard may make the world tremble—that France may sleep wherever she chooses—and that every one may say to her, as it is upon my coin, '*Dieu vous protège*'—May God protect you!'

'Agreed!' said the army; 'we will go, and fish up kingdoms with the bayonet.' Ha! there was no going back, you will understand. If there had been an idea in his head of conquering the moon, it would have been necessary for us to prepare ourselves for that—tie on our bags, and climb!—Very fortunately however, he did not have that wish. The kings, who were all accustomed to the ease of their thrones,

were not naturally disposed to abandon them: and therefore—forward!—we marched—and the shaking begins again with a very general solidity. He used all up, men and shoes. Well; they met us with blows so thick and heavy, that any other than Frenchmen would have felt fatigued with them; but the French, you know, are all born philosophers: and a little sooner or a little later, they know they must die. And we did die, without saying any thing; because we enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the Emperor make *that* upon the maps.

[Here the narrator rapidly describes a circle with his foot, upon the floor.]

'There!' said he; 'that will be a kingdom!'—and it was a kingdom. What a time we had! The colonels were made generals; the generals, marshals; and the marshals promoted to be kings. And there is yet one standing up, to tell this to Europe. Those who could read, were made princes. I, who am now speaking to you, have myself seen in Paris, eleven kings and a whole nation of princes, surrounding Napoleon like the rays of the sun. A soldier, you will understand, might ascend a throne, provided he had sufficient merit. A corporal of the Guard was something like a curiosity: he was admired by the people, when he passed by; because every one's share in the victory was acknowledged in the bulletin. And many of those battles there were: Austerlitz, where the army manœuvred like a review: Eylau, where the Russians were drowned in a lake, as if Napoleon had blown upon them: Wagram, where we fought, three days, without moving: oh, there were as many of them as there are saints in the calendar. *Yes*; and it was proved there, that Napoleon had in his scabbard, the true sword of the Lord. He gave the soldier his esteem; made his child of him; inquired whether he had shoes, linen, coats, bread, cartridges. A sergeant, and even a soldier might say to him, 'my Emperor,' precisely as you say to me, 'my good friend':—and he answered our questions, slept with us in the snow, and in fact, seemed almost to be a *natural man*. I, who am now speaking to you, have myself seen him standing among the grape-shot, no more uneasy than you are, there: and moving about, with his spy-glass, constantly looking at his business, while we all stood astonished. I do not know how he contrived it, but when he spoke to us, his words sent something like fire into our bosoms; and to show him that we were his own children, and incapable of pouting, we marched directly before the blackguards of cannon, who were howling, and vomiting whole regiments of bullets. In short, those who were dying, had a fancy to raise themselves to salute him, and cry '*Vive l'Empereur*!'

Was that *natural*? Would you have done that, for one who was only a *man*?

Well: when all of *his* were placed and established, the Empress Josephine, who was a very good woman indeed; he was obliged to leave her, because she gave him no children; and he wanted them, on account of the government. When they heard this, all the sovereigns of Europe began fighting together, to give him a wife: and he married, as we were told, an Austrian woman, who was the daughter of the Cæsars, an ancient man, who was at Rome, the Napoleon of other times; and whose inheritance the Emperor authorized himself to take, for his son. Well; after his marriage, on which occasion there was a fete for the whole world, when he gave up to his people, ten years of taxes, which however have been paid, because it was not noticed in the accounts, his wife had a son, who was King of Rome; a thing which was never seen before on earth: for never was a child born a king before, while his father was living! On that day, a balloon started from Paris, to go and tell the news at Rome; and it travelled the whole journey in a day. And now, is there one among you all, who will pretend that all that was *natural*?—Oh, no!—it was written, *up there*!

But then, the Emperor of Russia, who was his friend, became affronted because he did not marry a Russian woman; and he therefore assisted our enemies the English, to whom Napoleon had always been prevented from going and telling two words in their own shop. It was necessary to finish the matter with those ducks. Napoleon gets angry, and says to us—

'Soldiers! you have been masters in all the capitals of Europe, except Moscow; which has made an alliance with the English: therefore, in order that we may conquer Lon-

don, and the Indies which belong to it, I find it necessary to go to Moscow.

Then he gathers together the greatest army that ever went through the world in gaiters; and so curiously well formed in a line, that in one day, he reviewed a million of men.

'Hurrah!' said the Russians—and behold, all Russia and the flying Cossack animals! It was nation against nation; and we must be guarded against a general overthrow. As the *red man* said to Napoleon, 'it is Asia against Europe.' 'Enough,' said he; 'I am going to arrange my precautions.' And then the kings, who came to lick the hands of Napoleon! Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Poland, Italy, every one was with us—flattered us—and it was all very beautiful! The eagles never cried louder than at that time, when they were upon all the flags of Europe. Poland could not restrain her joy, because the Emperor thought of raising her up again; for which reason, the Poles and the French have always been brethren. At length, 'Russia is ours!' shouted the army. We enter it, very well provided. We march—on—on—No Russians! At last, we find the dogs encamped at the Moskwa. There I received the Cross of Honor, and I have a right to say it was a devilish battle. The Emperor was uneasy—he had seen the *red man*, who had said to him, 'my child, thou goest faster than a common step: thy friends will betray thee: thou wilt want men.' He therefore proposed peace: but before signing it, 'Let us beat the Russians,' said he. 'Done!' said the army. 'Forward!' said the sergeants. My shoes were worn out: my clothes ripped and torn by running along those roads, which were not easy by any means: but—it is no matter: 'Since it is the end of the shaking,' said I to myself, 'I must take as much of it as I can.'—We are opposite the great ravine: we are in the front rank!

The signal is given. Seven hundred pieces of artillery commence a conversation, so loud that it makes our ears bleed. Every one should do justice to his enemies. The Russians met death like Frenchmen. They did not fall back, and we did not advance. Then 'forward!' was the word; 'here is the Emperor;' and there he was, beckoning as he passed us on a gallop, that it was necessary to take the redoubt. He rouses us—we run forward—I arrived first at the mouth of the ravine. My God! the lieutenants were falling—the colonels—the soldiers!—No matter—it left shoes for those who had none of their own, and epaulettes for the intriguers who knew how to read. 'Victory!' was the cry from the whole line. For example—a thing which I never before seen—twenty-five thousand Frenchmen were upon the ground—excuse the number—it was a real wheat field mowed down—only instead of *straws* say *men*. No matter—the man comes—we form a circle round him—then he cajoles us: for he was very amiable whenever he wished to satisfy us with a mad cow when we were hungry as wolves. Then he distributes the *crosses* himself; salutes the dead; and says, 'To Moscow!'—'Done,—to Moscow!' said the army: and we went and took Moscow. Behold then; the Russians burn their city: it was a straw fire two leagues long, burning two whole days. The monuments shook, and fell like slate stones; and the showers of melted lead and iron rained down in a manner that was naturally horrible. It was the lightning of our misfortunes. The Emperor said, 'Enough of this!—my soldiers will all be left here!' We amused ourselves in seeking refreshments to renew our bodies: for we were weak and weary. We took with us a great golden cross, which was upon the Kremlin; and every soldier had a little fortune of his own: but no sooner had we begun to return, than the winter advanced a whole month: a thing which the learned men, who are fools, had not sufficiently explained; and the cold cramps and pinches us. No more army, you will understand: no more generals—no, even no more sergeants. Then, was the reign of misery and hunger: a reign under which all were truly equal. We thought only of seeing France once more. The soldier did not stop to take up his musket or his silver: every one was hastening before him, without thinking of discipline, without caring about glory. In short, the weather was so bad, that the Emperor could not see his star: there was something between Heaven and him. Poor man—he sickened on seeing the tide of victory coming against his eagles: that was misery in-

deed. We arrived at the Beresina: and here, my friends, I can assure you, by all that is most sacred to honor, that never before the existence of man, no—never since the *great never*, was there seen such a fricassee of army, carriages and artillery, in such a snow, and under such an ungrateful sky! It was so cold that whenever we touched a musket barrel, it burnt our fingers. It was there that the army was saved by the *pontoniers*, who were faithfully at their post; and there it was that Gondrin behaved so nobly; he, who is the only one remaining, of those who were daring enough to go into the water and build the bridges over which the army passed. And, [here he pointed at Gondrin, who sat looking at him with that air of close attention which is peculiar to the deaf,] he is an accomplished veteran, a *blue* soldier of honor, who deserves our highest esteem.

I saw the Emperor standing erect, near the bridge—immoveable—not feeling the cold. Was that *natural*?—He saw the loss of his treasures, of his friends, of his *old Egyptians*. Bah! every thing went there. The wagons—the women—the artillery—all devoured, swallowed up, destroyed! The most courageous and strong-hearted held up the eagles: because the eagles, you will understand, they were France—they were yourselves—they were the honor of the civil and the military, which must remain pure—they must be kept up, and not bend down their heads on account of the cold! We could scarcely be warmed except when near the Emperor; for whenever he was in danger, we ran, although frozen; we, who would not stop, or stretch out a hand to save a friend. It is said that he wept, that night, for his poor family of soldiers. There were in the whole world none but him and the French who could get out of that: and we did get out, but with great loss—oh yes, very great loss indeed. The allies had eaten all our provisions—every one began to betray him, as the *red man* had told him. The talkers at Paris, who had been very silent since the establishment of the Imperial Guard, believing that he was dead, plotted a conspiracy to overthrow him; and involved the Prefect of the Police in their manoeuvres. He hears of these things—they tease him—and after he was gone, he said to us:

'Adieu, my children—keep your posts—I will return very soon.'

Bah!—without him, nothing was the same. The Marshals quarrel with each other—contrive great foolishness—and it was natural. Napoleon, who was a good man, had fed them with gold; and they had become so fat that they did not wish to go: and that was the cause of all our misfortunes; for some of them remained in garrison, behind our enemies, and did not rub their backs, while they were driving us towards France. But the Emperor returns to us, with new conscripts—fine conscripts, whose habits he had entirely changed, and made them accomplished dogs ready to bite any where. But in spite of our severe discipline, every thing goes against us, although the army performed prodigies of valor. Then came those mountains of battles!—Dresden—Lutzen—Bautzen! Remember these, every one of you—for it was there, particularly, that the French were most heroic.

We still triumphed: but at last, the English made the people rise in revolt behind us, by saying to them, all kinds of foolishness. We cut open a way through all that mob and riot of nations. Wherever the Emperor appears, we pass: because on the earth as well as on the sea, where he said 'I must go,'—there we went. At last, we reach France; and in spite of the terrible weather, the air of the country thawed the soul of many a poor *fantassin* back into a comfortable state: for my own part, I can say, that it restored my life. But now we must defend France herself—the country—even the beautiful France, against all Europe, who were angry with us because we wished to give laws to the Russians, and drive them within their own limits, to prevent them from devouring us; as is the habit of the North, for whom the South is always a very palatable dish—a thing which I have often heard from the mouth of several Generals. Then the Emperor sees his father-in-law, his friends, those to whom he had given new thrones, and those to whom he had restored their old ones, all against him. And more than all, some French and allies in our own ranks, turned against us by a superior order: as it was in the battle of

Leipsic. Could a simple soldier ever be able to do such horrible things? They broke their word three times a day; and yet they called themselves princes! The invasion is pressing on—every where, the Emperor shows his lion face—the enemy yield—and he performs then in defending France, more prodigies than he did in conquering Italy, the East, Spain, Europe and Russia. Then he determines to bury all these strangers, and to teach them how to respect France; by allowing them to advance near to Paris, in order to swallow them at a blow, and to raise himself to a higher point of glory, by a battle greater than all his others—a *mother battle*! But the Parisians were afraid of their skins—of their two-sous shops—and they opened their gates. Then the ragusades begin—they bewilder and stupify the Empress—and the white flags come out at the windows. At last, his Generals, those whom he had adopted as his best friends, abandon him for the Bourbons, of whom they had never heard a word. Then he said adieu to us, at Fontainebleau. 'Soldiers!—'

I hear him yet. We all wept like children. The eagles, the flags were all hanging down as if for a funeral—it was the funeral of the Empire. His beautiful armies were but the skeletons of soldiers. Then he spoke to us, from the balcony of the castle:

'Soldiers! we are conquered by treachery: but we shall see each other in heaven, the country of the brave. Defend my son, whom I entrust to you. Live Napoleon the Second!'

He wished to die; and not to let them see Napoleon conquered. He took poison enough to kill a regiment: for he thought himself abandoned by God and his talisman: but it produced no effect at all. Another thing—he then acknowledged that he could not die—and certain of this, and of being still an Emperor, he went, for a while, to an island; in order to study the temper of these ***** who did not fail to make endless foolishness. Well, then he embarks upon that same *nut-shell* of Egypt;—crosses under the beards of the English vessels; and puts his foot upon France.—France acknowledges him. The cuckoo flies from steeple to steeple—all France cries 'live the Emperor!' And then, the enthusiasm for that wonder of ages, was solid. The Dauphin behaved very well: and I was particularly satisfied at seeing the people weeping for joy at the sight of his grey great-coat. On the first of March, Napoleon landed, with two hundred men, to conquer the Kingdom of France and Navarre, which, on the twentieth of March, when he was in Paris, became again the French Empire. He had swept every thing: retaken his dear France; and gathered his old soldiers, by saying two words:

'*Me voila!*—here I am.'

• It is the greatest miracle that God ever made! Before him, who had ever seen a man take an Empire, by only showing his hat? They thought France beaten down.—Not at all! At sight of the eagles, a national army was formed; and we all went to Waterloo. There the Guard dies at a blow: and Napoleon, in despair, throws himself, three times, before the cannon of the enemy, without finding death!—we have seen that, ourselves. Well, the battle is lost. In the evening, the Emperor calls his soldiers around him; and burns in a hat, covered with our blood, his flags and eagles. Those poor eagles, always victorious, which cried in the battles, '*en avant!*' and which had flown over all Europe, were saved from the disgrace of falling into the hands of the enemy—all the treasures of England could not buy even the tail of an eagle. The eagles were no more—and the rest is all known. The *red man* goes over to the side of the Bourbons—France is overwhelmed—the soldier is nothing at all—they deprive him of that which they owe him—he is sent home: and they put in his place noblemen, who do not know how to walk: mere objects of pity. They take Napoleon, by treachery; and the English nail him to a desolate island in the great sea, upon a rock, ten thousand feet above the world!

And there he is obliged to remain, until the *red man* returns his power, for the sake of the happiness of France.—These ***** say that he is dead! Ah, well, yes—dead! You may see by that, that they do not know him. They tell that fib, to deceive the people, and to make them keep quiet in their barracks of government. But, now hear me—the truth of the whole matter is: that his friends have left him alone in that desert, in order to accomplish a prophecy which

was made upon him: for I forgot to tell you that his name 'Napoleon' means, '*Le Lion du Desert*?' (the Lion of the Desert.)

And all this is as true as the Testament. All the other things which you hear about the Emperor, are foolishness, which has not human shape. Because, you will understand, it is not to the child of a woman, that God would have given the privilege of tracing his name in red, as he has written it upon the earth, which will remember it forever. Live Napoleon, father of the people and of the soldiers!"

"Long live General Ebla!" exclaimed the *pontonier*.

"How was it, that you did not die in the ravine of the Moskwa?" said a country woman.

"Do I know? I entered it with the whole regiment: and we were only one hundred grenadiers who remained standing alive: because the *fantasins* only could take it. The infantry, you will understand, is every thing in an army."

"Fischtre! and the cavalry then?" exclaimed Genestas, springing down from his place of concealment among the hay, with a bound which drew forth a cry of fright from the most self-possessed: "Eh! my old one, you forget the red lancers of Poniatowsky—the cuirassiers—the dragoons—all the *tremblement*! When Napoleon, impatient at not seeing the battle going fast enough, towards the conclusion of a victory, said to Murat, 'Sire! cut me that in two!' we started on a trot—then a gallop—one! two! and the enemy's army was split open, like an apple with a knife! A charge of cavalry, my old one—why it is like a column of cannon balls!"

"And the *pontoniers*?" shouted the deaf Gondrin.

"Ah well, my children," added Genestas, ashamed of his precipitate appearance, when he found himself in the midst of the silent and astonished group; "here are no vexatious spies. Take—take this, to drink to the honor of France, and of him."

"Live the Emperor!" exclaimed the whole company of the *Veillée*.

"Hush—my children!" said the officer, endeavoring to control his deep grief: "Hush! he died, saying, 'Glory—France—Battle!' My children, he must have died: but his glory,—never!"

Goguelat made a sign of incredulity; and said in a whisper, to those who stood near him; "That officer is yet in the service; and it is their order, to tell the people, that the Emperor is dead: but we must not be displeased with him for that: because, you will understand, a soldier knows nothing beyond his orders."

As they were leaving the barn, Genestas heard La Fosseuse say to his neighbors:

"That officer is a friend of the Emperor, and also of doctor Bernassia."

The whole company immediately rushed to the door, to look at him by the moonlight; and saw him take the arm of the doctor.

"I have done a very silly thing," said Genestas. "Let us hasten to the house. Those eagles—those cannon—those campaigns!—I did not know where I was."

"Well; what thank you of my Goguelat?" enquired his friend.

"Monsieur; with recitals like that, France will always have in her bosom, the fourteen armies of the Republic; and will at any time, be able to sustain a little conversation of cannon with Europe."

They reached the door, and soon found themselves, silent and thoughtful, on each side of the fire-place of the saloon, where a few sparks were still lingering on the almost extinguished embers.

For the Literary Journal.

THE SEASON.

"Oh Autumn, why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?"

Ah, 't were a lot too blest,
Forever in thy colored shades to stray,
Amid the kisses of the sweet South-west,
To roam and dream for aye!"

Thus has sung one of our sweetest bards; and, at this most delightful season of the American year, what heart does not respond to his sentiments! The brief summer is ended. The hues which its thousand flowers wooed from

the sky, have returned to adorn their native sphere. See them in the morning's blushes—in the sunset's heaven of gold; realizing in their blended azure, and rose, and purple, all that poet or saint has dreamed of a sunset in Paradise.

The summer has gone. It has bequeathed us blessings. Behold them in the bending orchards—in the yellow fields—in the teeming granaries. The summer has gone, and Autumn, in its russet robe, is with us.

Before "the melancholy days arrive, the saddest of the year," the days of chill and pitiless November,—when the cool wind has become cold; and Nature, stripped of her beautiful robes, stands sad and desolate, awaiting with shivering anticipation the wrath of the wintry elements—ere he enters this section of the "ancient solitary reign," Time seems to pause, and throws over the New-England hills his blandest smile. "Time smile!" Aye.—The icy glacier, and the snow-clad mountain peak, can reddened and outblush heaven's own cloud; so can the age-worn face of him who "cuts down all," beam occasionally with the smile he wore upon his birth-day. See it flung in all the hues of rosy youth upon yon Northern thunder-cloud; see it glowing over all the broad West, and flashing to the zenith, like the wizard gleam of the Northern Aurora; see it thrown, like an angel's, even across the wide heaven, upon the storm-fraught squadrons of the scowling East; see it reflected thence upon the sleeping bay, dying it like the rose; and thence—from all—from ocean, earth and sky, beaming in concentrated light and warmth upon your very heart! O the glow divine there kindled up! devotion's flame on the soul's own altar! peace—triumph—joy unspeakable!

"But the sear leaf—the sear leaf!" True, upon the sear leaf there is a lesson; but sad, or cheerful, as we please to interpret it. For our single self, we never gather melancholy from Nature's field. She is our physician. Her face is beauty: whether arrayed in smiles or frowns, it is the same familiar face we learned to love in childhood, and we cannot do without it now. Her voice is music; whether heard in the whisper of the Spring's first zephyr, fresh from the sweet South, or hoarse through the tree-tops, in the lengthened roar of the autumnal equinox, as it is at this moment.

And here rustles through the forest, an invisible presence with a mysterious whisper, telling of death, it may be; for, as it hurries by, to warn other groves, the green leaf withers and falls. But what of that? Shall the grave ever be a bugbear? There is another spring! there is another life! Winter must come. They who live then shall feel its frosts and bitter winds: but—the burning heats are over; the katy-did sings in the tree—the cricket in the hearth; there's comfort by the evening fire—comfort under two Dutch blankets; there's beauty in the noon-tide's azure—in the evening's glories; and joy, like a sky-lark's springing heaven-ward, in the morning's rapid ride.

To those who hold no communion with nature, the above will be so much nonsense. They are welcome to the nonsense, so they leave us the enjoyment. It is enjoyment that impoverishes no one, palls not, and costs nothing.

In Spring, we bless God for the sunshine and flowers; in Autumn, for the fruits. But, to our view, there is another attendant of the present season, which entitles Heaven to our gratitude, not less than bending fields and sunny skies.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, that down from the moon,
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land; of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour,
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies."

This is poetry; and in reference to Egypt's land, is perhaps nothing more. But, as it regards our climate, it is a beautiful and blessed truth. There are times when the Plague-fiend, leaving his own infected South, wanders Northward, to gather laurels on unusual fields: where, mounting the city walls, he blows, from "between his shrivelled lips," a blast more deadly than the Arabian Simoon. In that dread hour, when the universal air has become but the breath of his nostrils, and thousands are sickening and dying, there gathers in our Northern heavens, a miraculous drop, which falling through the infected air—

"In that same hour, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies."

The living man sees it on his threshold, and blesses God; for he views it like the blood, sprinkled upon the door-posts of the Israelites in Egypt's last plague—the sign that the destroyer will pass him by.

We thank God for the fruits and flowers; let us also thank Him for—the Frost.

New Haven, Conn.

For the Literary Journal.

MR. EDITOR,—The following lines are a free translation of a passage in an Italian *Telemachus*; and were originally written as an exercise, while learning the language. If you think them worthy of insertion, they are at your service.

THE APPEAL OF VENUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF "TELEMACHUS."

When Jove amid the assembled gods on high,
Sat throned in light above the starry sky;
Venus appeared—whose form and face revealed
A thousand glowing charms but half concealed.
Her flowing drapery whose resplendent dye
Outvies the colors of the eastern sky,
Or those bright tints to swiftest Iris given
When sent a messenger of peace from Heaven—
Her cestus bright confined her purple vest,
And graceful marked the slender form it pressed.
A golden fillet carelessly confined
Her auburn tresses, floating in the wind.
The gods remained confounded at her charms—
That smile celestial every heart disarms.
As when, to glowing night, the opening day
Succeeds, and drives its envious shades away;
Each hill and dale with brighter beauty glows,
And philomel with songs salutes the rose.
As she with light and graceful step doth move,
All gaze enamored on the Queen of Love:
Her snowy bosom heaves with mournful sighs,
And the big tear stands trembling in her eyes:
Thus the young eagle, soaring, wings his flight,
To where the sun refulgent pours his light;
With steady pinions onward speeds his way,
Nor dreads the splendors of the god of day.
With tender smile, her sire embraced the fair,
And sought the meaning of her troubled air.
"Unfold to me each secret cause of woe;
Why heave those sighs and why those soft tears flow?"
With balmy accents thus she answered mild,
"Father of gods and men; behold thy child
A suppliant here—her boasted power is scorned—
Her feasts despised—her temples unadorned—
To punish Paris for her slighted charms,
With keenest wrath Minerva flew to arms;
'T was not enough that Troy was doomed to fall,
Each glittering palace—and each lofty wall—
Ulysses' son, disguised, she now protects,
Through storms and perils safe his path directs.
Though in my island—still her power prevailed;
Closed was his heart, and all my pleasures failed.
From temples, votaries, alike he turned—
Nor on my smoking altars, incense burned.
In vain by cruel storms and tempests tost,
His trident Neptune hurled—e'en hope was lost.
Safe on Calypso's isle, the youth is thrown,
And kindly treated, though to her unknown.
Cupid, my darling son, I thither send,
In hope his power this stubborn heart may bend;
But though his arrows pierce Calypso's heart,
The youth too sighs, unwilling to depart.
Minerva tears him from these blooming bowers:
Again a boy has triumphed o'er my powers."
"T is true, my daughter," thus great Jove replied,
"Minerva never leaves her hero's side;
For him a boundless glory she prepares,
The end of all her hopes and ceaseless cares.
Though to your witching power he must not bend,
For love of you, through distant lands I send
This youth; a wanderer still he's doomed to roam,
And vainly sigh for parent and for home.
Still must he live: his virtue pure remain—
So Jove now wills it, and the Fates ordain."

Both gods and heroes have your power confessed,
And with Love's charms have been supremely blest.
No longer then, my daughter, vainly mourn—
Let dimpled smiles again that face adorn."
The sire thus spoke, with majesty and grace;
A beaming tenderness adorned his face:
A tender kiss he printed on those lips,
Sweeter than honey which the wild bee sips;
While round, ambrosia sheds a soft perfume;
And beauty's smiles the courts of Heaven illumine.
Her joy new charms around the goddess, throws;
As blends the lily with the opening rose.
The assembled gods at once their joy proclaim,
While Venus drops her veil with blushing shame.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1833.

THOUGHTS ON THE "USES OF ADVERSITY."

Such is the human soul: it cannot be
Content with this brief world's reality.
It hath desires, whate'er its earthly state,
Hopes, feelings, dreams, which Time can never sate.
In joy, it longs some higher bliss to gain,
Till joy itself is almost turned to pain:
In wee, it pines with feelings unrepent,
For some ideal place of quiet rest:
And Fancy flies impatient forth, to rear
A happier dwelling in some distant sphere;
And, unrestrained, delights to revel there,
Beyond the confines of this world of care.

That the present life is a scene of trial and preparation for another and a higher state of being, is a universally admitted truth, in relation to our moral nature. We believe it to be also equally true with reference to our intellectual powers. The triumphs of the moral feelings—of pure, confiding devotion, of stern, unbending integrity, of unblemished honor, enduring through scenes of temptation and distress, have been, in all ages and in every language, the theme of the poet and the historian. It is among such scenes, that these feelings acquire their highest energy: gathering strength for new conflicts and new victories, by each triumphant struggle; like the young oak, which every tempest causes to extend its roots and strike them deeper in the earth, and thus to gather new strength to resist the fury of each succeeding blast.

So it is with the intellectual powers. "As iron sharpeneth iron," these are strengthened by opposition, by conflict, by the stern encounter of obstacles which task them to the utmost. And as the noblest exhibitions of moral grandeur are to be found only amidst the greatest trials of human virtue, so the highest achievements of the intellect have been performed under circumstances which instead of apparently offering the least encouragement for exertion, or the slightest promise of success, have appeared to be arrayed against it, as if to crush and paralyze its energies at a blow.

This is peculiarly the case with respect to the great productions of taste and imagination. Every mind which can for a moment rise above the ordinary routine of its daily avocations, has at times, some conceptions of higher forms of beauty, of more perfect enjoyment, than it ever finds amid the realities by which it is here surrounded: and in exact proportion to the degree of vividness with which these conceptions are presented to its view, will be the capacity of each mind to appreciate and enjoy the productions of this imaginative power in others.

It is indeed a beneficent provision of our nature, that the mind, when oppressed with the weight of its trials, its disappointments and its wasting cares, should be able to rise, for a season, above them all; and to find in the visions of the imagination, a refuge from the allotments of its earthly state; while holding converse with something higher, purer, holier, than this world has power to offer: and that those minds whose fine imaginative powers, whose delicate and highly wrought susceptibilities least fit them for the daily purposes of life, and expose them to feel most keenly the trials which it imposes, are, by their very constitution, most

highly endowed with this capacity for ideal enjoyment, while absorbed in the rich creations of their waking dreams.

And where these impulses are most strongly felt, where they fill the mind, and give a coloring and direction to all its thoughts and feelings, causing it continually to dwell among its scenes of ideal glory, its combinations of unearthly grace and beauty, they form the characters and furnish materials for the works of the poet, the painter and the sculptor, for all those productions of genius which are the results of a bold and vigorous imagination, and which have power to call forth corresponding impulses and emotions in the minds of others.

This ceaseless dream of more than earthly beauty, of uncreated magnificence, of unattainable perfection, if not the great impelling cause of all the highest labors of the intellect, at least gives them their ennobling and purifying power. It is among the stern realities of life, that these dreams and visions of ideal happiness and beauty are most vivid; that these high aspirations of the soul, are most frequently and deeply felt: and when they are embodied in the proud creations of the artist, or poured forth by the poet in the elevating strains of song, the very pressure of earthly calamity, by the force with which the spirit seeks relief from the woes "which hem it round," causes it to yield forth the rich profusion of its hidden stores; like the rose, whose undisturbed sweetness would have been wasted on its parent stem, but which sends up its full fragrance when crushed and beaten to the earth.

How few indeed among the greatest works of genius, those which are destined to live forever, have been the productions of leisure and quiet retirement; of minds which had not been driven to seek a refuge in their own resources, from the trials and miseries of their allotted state. Any one who has not, with this view, examined the history of genius, will indeed be astonished at the great proportion of the highest efforts of creative intellect both in literature and the arts, which have been conceived and carried forward amid scenes of discouragement and depression, of anxiety and suffering, which might well overpower and crush the proudest spirit. Many of the most bold, original and faultless conceptions of taste and imagination, have been perfected in the retreats of poverty, amid the distracting cares of public life, amid want and persecution, in exile and in the dungeon. It is from among such scenes, that the chainless spirit has sprung forth for relief; and fired by the contrast between its real and its visionary existence, has given, in some new work of deathless beauty, another illustration of the truth, that

"Grief is but our grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is immortality!"

Who cannot perceive in the rich poetry of Camoens, the high aspirations, the glorious visions which cheered his spirit amid the misfortune of war, the dangers of the field and of the wave, the sufferings of shipwreck and the miseries of exile. How often must Tasso have forgotten the dim grate, the narrow walls, the barred and bolted entrance of his dreary cell, while his spirit was wandering forth, and exulting amid those ideal scenes of grandeur and magnificence, which glow upon the pages of his noble poem. What must have been the day-dreams of Cervantes; what visions of untold glory must at times, have effaced the remembrance of his poverty and suffering, while his spirit was calling up in review, those scenes of peerless humor, of sweet and solemn pathos which enrich his immortal romance. With what eagerness of delight must the worn and persecuted spirit of Milton, "fallen on evil days and evil tongues; in darkness and with dangers compassed around," have turned from the realities of his fate—

"—to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow."

It is thus with all the workings of the human soul, with the intellectual powers as well as the moral feelings. Trial and endurance are not only the tests of their strength, but it is through these, that much of that strength is acquired, and all of it perfected. If neither of them is crushed or defeated in the struggle, they rise from it with renovated power, with greater capacity for further endurance and attainment, with

new assurances of ultimate triumph. For in all the spirit's moral or mental trials;

"—the noble bear
Disaster, as an Angel wears his wings,
To elevate and glorify."

The Lecture of Mons. Bugard, on the French Language, on Friday evening, was perhaps as fully attended as could have been expected, considering the comparatively small number of individuals in our community who have devoted much attention to the subject. It was of course impossible, for the lecturer, in a single evening to give more than a general explanation of leading principles. This was done in a very clear and perspicuous manner. Mons. Bugard possesses qualifications as an instructor which are not often attained by foreigners. He speaks English with unusual fluency and correctness: and having devoted much attention to the philosophy of language generally, is capable of bringing to the illustration of his subject, the results of original thought together with those of well directed study.

PHI BETA KAPPA.—At the late annual meeting of the Rhode Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa, the following named gentlemen were elected officers of the Society, for the ensuing year.

President—FRANCIS WAYLAND.

Vice President—THERON METCALF.

Corresponding Secretary—ALEXIS CASWELL.

Treasurer—ROBERT H. IVES.

SPEECHES OF MR BURGESS.—We are informed that a volume, containing a selection from the speeches and occasional writings of Hon. Tristram Burgess, with a Memoir of his life, is in preparation for the press, by a gentleman of this city, who is in every respect, qualified to do justice to the undertaking.

ELLIS'S POLYNESIAN RESEARCHES.—We have already expressed a favorable opinion of the first volume of this work; an opinion which is fully sustained by an examination of the second and third volumes, which have since appeared. These are replete with minute information on subjects, respecting which, we have heretofore received little more than vague and disconnected accounts. It is surprising that this work, the materials of which, are so valuable and interesting, and which is executed in so unusually neat and tasteful a manner, remains on the shelves of our booksellers, almost without a purchaser.

MY IMPRISONMENTS.—This is the title of a late publication, containing the Memoirs of Silvio Pellico da Saluzzo, translated from the Italian, by Thomas Roscoe. It is a narrative of the imprisonments and persecutions endured by the author, through the agency of the Italian aristocracy. We think that no one will regret the time which may be devoted to its perusal.

In our last, there were three typographical errors in the communication, "Genius born; not made," which we are desirous to correct. In the first column, one sentence should be read "varieties of human character," instead of "vanities." In the second column, in the passage relating to Newton, "impressions of sentiment," should be impressions of "sense." In the closing paragraph, "leading principle" was inserted instead of "levelling principle." Such errors will seldom occur where the manuscript copy is perfectly legible; for however desirous a correspondent may be that his production shall be correctly given, our desire in that respect is, at least, equal to his own.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Extract from an unpublished poem," shall appear in our next. It has been unavoidably excluded at this time, by the unusual length of one of our prose articles. We shall in the mean time, or at any time, be gratified at receiving from the author, further extracts from a manuscript, of which this is so promising a specimen.

"The Shark; An Adventure at Sea," shall also have a place in our next.

We are obliged to Æ, for his communication on the "Titles of Books." It will appear next week.

"CANDOR," is also on file for insertion.

Miscellaneous Selections.

GASCOIGNE'S

PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES, AFTERWARDS LADY SANDS.
ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

[George Gascoigne was a writer of some note in the early part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; was educated as a lawyer; afterwards became a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries; and died in 1577. His poetry is remarkable for the sweet and harmonious flow of its versification; and the following has been mentioned by Warton, as possessing a delicacy rarely to be met in the poems of that age. The lady who was the subject of these lines, was Catharine, the daughter of Lord Chandos, wife of William, Lord Sands.]

In Court, whose demands,
What dame doth most excel—
For my conceit, I needs must say,
Fair Bridges bears the bell.

Upon whose lovely cheek,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lily seem to strive
For equal change of hue.

And therewithal, so well
Her graces all agree,
No frowning there dare once presume
In her sweet face to be.

Although some lavish lips
Which like some other best,
Will say, the blemish on her brow
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto, I thus reply:—
God wot, they little know
The hidden cause of that mishap,
Nor how the harm did grow.

For when Dame Nature first
Did frame her heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleams of grace;

It liked her so well;
"Lo, here," quoth she, "a piece,
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Apelles' work in Greece.

This bait may chance to catch
The greatest god of love,
Or mighty, thundering Jove himself,
That rules the roast above."

But out, alas! these words
Were vaunted all in vain;
And some unseen were present there,
Poor Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupid, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stood,
Not blindfold then, to gaze on her—
I guess it did him good!

Yet, when he felt the flame
'Gan kindle in his breast,
And heard Dame Nature boast, by her
'To break him of his rest;

His hot, new-chosen love
He changeth into hate:
And suddenly, with mighty mace,
'Gan rap her on the pate.

It grieved Nature much
To see the cruel deed:
Me-seems, I see her, how she wept
To see her darling bleed.

"Well, yet," quoth she, "this hurt
Shall have some help, I trow:"
And quick with skin she covered it,
That whiter is than snow.

Wherewith, Dan Cupid fled,
For fear of further blame;
When, angel-like, he saw her shine,
When he had smite with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt,
In cradle of her kind,
The coward Cupid broke his bow,
To wreak his wounded mind.

The scar still there remains—
No force—there let it be.
There is no cloud that can eclipse
So bright a sun as she.

THE STURDY ROCK.

[These stanzas are preserved in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises," a collection of fine old English poetry, the first number of which was published in 1578. They are subscribed "M. T.," supposed by Percy to be intended for T. Marshall.]

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke;
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds, at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
Is caught at last, in fowler's net;
The greatest fish in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived by subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will,
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit, and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing, but time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume, at last.

But Virtue sits triumphing still,
Upon the throne of glorious fame.
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name;
By life or death, whatso' betides,
The state of Virtue never slides.

THE SILENT LOVER.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur; but the deep are dumb;
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems,
The bottom is but shallow whence they come:
They that are rich in words, must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart!
The merit of true passion,
With thinking that he feels no smart,
That sues for no compassion.

Since, if my plaints were not to approve
The conquest of thy beauty;
It comes not from defect of love;
But fear to exceed my duty.

For knowing that I sue, to serve
A saint of such perfection,
As all desire, but none deserve
A place in her affection;

I rather choose to want relief,
Then venture the revealing;
Where glory recommends the grief,
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart!
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most, who hides his smart,
And sues for no compassion.

SONG.

BY LORD LANSDOWNE, CONTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO QUEEN ANNE.

The thoughtful nights, and restless waking;
Oh, the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forsaking,
Ever doubting never sure.

Hopes deceiving, vain endeavors,
What a race has Love to run!
False protesting, fleeting favors,
Every, every way, undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree;
Fears tormenting, passion rending,
Oh, the pangs of jealousy.

From such painful ways of living,
Ah, how sweet, could Love be free!
Still preserving, still receiving,
Fierce, immortal ecstasy!

SONG.

BY BEN JONSON.

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing:
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me:
Nor spread them as distract with fears—
Mine own enough betray me.

REV. S. WESLEY.—Mr Wesley had a Clerk, who believed the rector, his master, to be the greatest man in the parish, if not in the county; and himself to be the next to him in worth and importance. He had the advantage and privilege of wearing out Mr Wesley's cast off clothes and wigs, for the latter of which, his head was far too small. The rector finding him particularly vain of one of these canonical substitutes for hair which he had lately received, formed the design to mortify him in the presence of that congregation before which John wished to appear in every respect what he thought himself. One morning, before church time, Mr W. said, "John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day; and shall choose my own psalm, of which I shall give the first line, and you shall proceed as usual." John was pleased—and the service went forward as it was wont to do, till they came to the singing, when Mr W. gave out the following line:

"Like to an owl in ivy bush,"

This was sung—and the following line, John peeping out of the huge-canonical wig, in which his head was half lost, gave out with an audible voice and appropriate connecting twang—

"That rueful thing am I!"

The whole congregation, struck with John's appearance, saw and felt the similitude, and burst out into laughter. The rector was pleased, for John was mortified, and his self-conceit humbled. This is the same man, who, when King William returned to London after some of his expeditions, gave out in Hepworth Church—"Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, a hymn of my own composing:

King William is come home, come home,
King William home is come:
Therefore together let us sing,
The hymn that's called *Te Dum*."

HAPPINESS ARISING FROM KNOWLEDGE.—It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others. It is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our own energies. The struggle after knowledge too, is full of delight. The intellectual chase not less than the material one, brings fresh vigor to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort, affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odor which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords, which renders research so fascinating, so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered or worked out by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another.

STATURE OF THE INDIANS.—The Indians are very generally of either the middling or largest stature of the English; although not only individuals but whole tribes are to be met with who fall rather below the average height of the whites. The Shawnees and Delawares recently residing in the Ohio, and the savages of the northern lakes and the upper Mississippi, are among this class. On the other hand, most of those who live in the middle regions of the Missouri, including the warlike Osages, and the Sioux or Dacothas, are quite tall as well as finely proportioned in other respects. There is perhaps no Indian, or indeed white man on the continent, who appears to better advantage than an Osage mounted on his war horse.—*Indian Traits*.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

The gastronomic art appears to be no less honorable than profitable in Prussia, for we learn, from an official notification in the Berlin State Gazette, that the King has conferred on M. Blesson, his head cook, who retired from service on a pension, the decoration of the order of the Red Eagle of the fourth class.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL,

Is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square Providence, R. I. Terms—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance, or three dollars, at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will be entitled to receive a seventh copy, gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid to

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Publishers and Proprietors.